Star Trek: Future Spank

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To Boldly Spank Where No Spanker Has Spanked Before...

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Somewhere in the 23rd century.

Space the final frontier: “Captains Log star-date 424.6 The Enterprise is currently en route to Starbase 12 for some much needed routine maintenance after escorting the Romulan freighter “Ptankar” and its cargo to the eighth moon of the planet G547-T. Once we reach our destination all personnel and their families will be allowed seven solar days shore leave. Core crew will stay on board to check ship systems and undertake any running repairs as per requirements for our next assignment. Picard out.”

1: A figment of the imagination.

Captain Jean Luc Picard took a deep breath and drew himself up straight as he expanded his lungs feeling the satisfying flexing of his rib-cage. At that precise moment in time he was in the Medical Bay sitting on one of Doctor Crushers medi-vac recliners. He had removed his Starfleet uniform and was dressed in casual black trousers and white shirt as he watched the ships Doctor run her portable medical scanner over his chest. He raised an eye-brow. “If you dont hurry up I shall turn as blue as a Kaylek,” he muttered as she smiled when her instrument finally beeped that it was done. “Well Doctor,” he asked, “am I as fit as the fiddle I told you I was?”

Doctor Beverley Crusher, a 40 something shapely brunette with a thorough bedside manner looked up at her superior officer. Picard was staring at her in that slightly authoritative way he had but a look that was tinged with mild amusement too. She kept him dancing a moment longer as she slipped the scanner back into its case. “I'm happy to say your fiddle is in fine working order Captain,” she nodded with satisfaction.

Picard blew out his cheeks and was already getting to his feet. “Good, then I'll return to the bridge.”

Beverley laid a hand on his chest. “But, thats not to say a little r and r wouldnt do you good either Jean Luc. In fact, being chief medical officer on this ship I could order you to take a break.” She smiled as she saw him frown as he reached for his jacket.

As he shrugged himself into it he turned to her. “Ah, now Beverley, you know I would like nothing more than to head down planet side with the rest of the crew and relax but I need to be here to ahh keep an eye on things.” He paused and stood with his hands on his hips. “Besides, forget about me. Why are you still on board?”

He tried to look stern but gave up and started to laugh as Dr Crusher tried to think of a suitable reply but gave up and swatted him on the arm as she turned to check the bio scan results that blinked and throbbed on an overhead zero x-display. He heard her laugh. “Hey stop that, in here I give the orders, remember?”

Picard held his hands up as his eyes suddenly fell onto his Doctors rather attractive rear that was enticingly outlined in all its voluptuous glory through her blue medic smock. It was definitely his favourite feature of her. Not that she knew about his admiration of said region of course to begin with. Ship gossip gossip which inevitably reached to the top was that the glamorous Doctor was seeing no one in particular. Maybe that stuffy Ambassador whatshisname had found her too hard and hot to handle. That was no real surprise he thought. He knew she was a fiercely independent and determined woman. But that posed an interesting question and possible proposition for him now that he was also currently available too. What was that 20th century saying again? Faint heart never won fair maid. No doubt that included what lay beneath her smock. He stood fastening his top button when he suddenly broke into a wide smile. “Actually Beverley,” he grinned. “I've just had a rather inspired idea for both of us.”

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The door was as none descript as all the rest aboard the Starship Enterprise. But behind this particular grey door was something unique something wonderful. Jean Luc Picard stood outside in the curved corridor adjusting his synthetically simulated costume. He was dressed as one of his predecessors a Starship Captain circa 2105 with all the trimmings including the black pants whose bottoms were tucked inside his boots. Up top he was wearing a black jacket over the trademark Federation close cropped red shirt. All in all he thought he looked rather good. He had decided he much preferred the uniform from two centuries ago than the functional but plain all in one jumpsuits that were the norm these days in the 23rd Century. There was also the year he had chosen. The year had been particularly important when asking the ships computer to construct and program the simulator. He felt an unfamiliar twinge of self-doubt when he thought about the plan he was about to

set in motion but it disappeared instantly when he heard someone approaching and he turned to find himself staring at his Doctor who was looking nothing like his Doctor at all. Not to put too fine a point on it, she looked absolutely stunning. So stunning in fact it took him a moment to gather his wits and look her in the eye.

“Oh my God.” Beverley gasped as she blushed. “I didnt realise 21st century regulation uniforms for women were so short!” She had reached down and was trying to pull down the hem of her red skirt to somewhere like a decent level but failed. In fact, the skirt barely reached down to mid-thigh and Picard noticed how deliciously enticing those long lithe thighs of hers looked when sheathed in black synthetic tights. The rest of her wasnt bad either. Her top was figure hugging tight revealing an ample bosom with a deep cleavage revealed by way of the v-neck cut of the cloth.

Noticing his admiring look she self-consciously reached up to check her hair. “Is this right?” she asked. “The records said this was a popular look way back then.” Her long shoulder length hair had been pulled back either side of her face into a sweep that was bound with a tie and her fringe had a centre parting that curled down to just above her ears. The effect took years off her. “I feel like I just graduated,” she laughed. She did a 180 in front of him. “How do I look?”

Jean Luc grinned and took her hand. “You look splendid Beverley.” He raised it to his lips and kissed it. “Now lets go have some-" he paused. “- fun, shall we?”

Still holding her hand he turned to face the door. “Computer. Activate holo-program 729324. Password:” He smiled to himself. “- OTK.” There was a feminine acknowledgment and with a soft woosh the doors parted and they both walked into the new world that the holo-deck had created for them.

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Part 2: Dr Crusher Captive of the Klingons.

Beverley blinked as the door opened suddenly and brilliant white light flooded into the small dank and dirty room that had been her cell for what felt like forever. She shrank back against the far wall feeling and hearing the tug of the chain that was linked to the lock around her right ankle as her captors approached menacingly. One of them was holding what looked like a leather collar and tether. She watched as the larger Klingon came nearer and was about to grab the chain. As he did so she braced herself against the damp stone and with all her might thrust her right foot into one of his guts hard enough to wind him and knock him on his boney ass.

It was a brief moment of triumph for the other guard had leapt on her and cuffed her across both

cheeks to subdue her. But she was having none of that. As his hand fell again she snapped at it with her teeth and bit deep making the startled Klingon yelp with pain and try to shake her loose by slapping her with his free hand. Only when the winded guard jumped up grunting and cursing did she let go as he grabbed her long hair giving it a good and painful tug. The Klingon whose hand she had just taken a chunk out of thrust his hawkish face close to hers and muttered threateningly to her. No doubt he was promising her he was going to skin her alive and feed her to his men for lunch she figured.

She felt sore and bruised all over. He was definitely seriously mad. She just wished she had taken Klingon studies at Fed High so she could tell him what he could go do with his mother. No such luck. Suddenly he grabbed her face in his huge cold hands. “Hu-man female,” he growled. “Fight. Good. Pay more." Her eyes widened with surprise and dread as she listened to and understood his broken words as he crouched over her. “Hunters pay more.”

She felt his fetid breath on her face as her head was forcefully jerked back as they fastened the collar around her bare throat and hauled her upright onto her feet. But that was the least of her concerns right now.

What was he talking about? Pay more? Pay more what?

And just who or what were these hunters?

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Picard entered the huge stone auditorium and stared up at the crowds that sat in the upper two tiers that surrounded what looked like a circular stage on which there was embedded a metal pole in the centre of two circular pinions. Before the stage there was a baying mob of various species in all shapes and disguises that were impatiently waiting for the show to begin. Cautiously he pulled his hood and cloak tighter to avoid suspicion and made his way nearer to where he knew he had to be. He finally found a space on a bench and sat himself down next to a figure who glanced at him warily. Picard nodded. He had no idea what species he/she/it was. It was bipedal - almost human - apart from the face which was pale and comprised of what looked like scales from which a pair of deep black eyes stared back at him.

Picard continued to stare until the alien nodded in return in mutual respect and gasped something through what looked like an atmospheric converter. Picard nodded again and slowly opened his heavy cloak which covered his worn uniform to reveal a weapon his phaser. At the same time the alien opened its cloak to reveal a selection of blades of varying shapes and sizes along with a weapon which looked like an old fashioned laser blaster. Picard smiled. His new companion was

obviously some sort of bounty hunter. A good one too judging by the notches on the handle of its gun. This was definitely the most wretched hive of scum and villainy in the known galaxy he had better be careful or he would end up dead.

Alert, he looked around the stone edifice marvelling at its primitive brutality and historical accuracy. The place was crowded and the noise of various tongues was deafening. He could feel the sense of anticipation and electricity in the air. It was nearly show-time. He noted where all the exits were until his gaze finally settled on the scribe written across a plinth above the stage. He was relieved he had the foresight to have studied Klingon many moons ago.

KLAAZ AL GAHURR

It said “Market of Slaves.”

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Part 3: Dr Crusher: Slave Girl.

Tired, dishevelled and disorientated, Beverley lifted her head at the rumble of the crowd as she knelt at the feet of her Klingon captor. Whatever was going on beyond that rusting metal door she knew it was her turn next. Like those waiting fearfully behind her she had watched helplessly as others in the same situation in front of her all presumably female though some had looked too outlandish to tell had all been lined up bound, cuffed and collared in a row and dragged out to discover whatever fate was in store for them.

She was a mess. Her hair was tangled and loose and what was left of her uniform bordered on the obscene. Thankfully her captors thought the female of her species hideous and ugly and had never taken advantage of their power over her. She reached up trying to ease the bite of her collar which had been fastened around her neck and which coursed and rasped her fair skin making her wince at the chaffing sting. Hearing the rattle of her chains which bound her wrists together she surreptitiously glanced up at her captor who was standing over her, a vicious looking whip grasped in his black gloved free hand.

She tried to lick her lips but her mouth had gone bone dry as she stared at the fearsome implement. It was a whip he had used on a number of occasions to make her submit to his commands. She could still feel its sting across her behind where he lashed out at her after he had pulled his hand away from her teeth in order to punish her for her insolence. She imagined her backside was criss-crossed with angry weals by now. She grimaced ruefully to herself for it had been a long, long time since she had experienced that type of pain. But those circumstances had been infinitely more pleasurable than the

situation she found herself in now.

Suddenly the door burst open and a huge gruff Klingon whose armour plated face was a mass of deep scars appeared through the flickering gloom of lit torches and pointed at her. He barked an order to the Klingon holding her leash indicating it was their turn next. Her captor looked down at her and his face broke into a snarling grin as he yanked and pulled her to her feet. Beverley stumbled after him out into the deafening din of the slave ring.

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In his seat Picard lent suddenly forward when he saw who the next female to be sold was. He frowned as he saw the state she was in. It had only been three days since their convoy had been attacked and she had been kidnapped by the raiding party. It had taken him this long to find out what had happened to her. He glanced to his left to see the man who had supplied him with the necessary information as to his doctor's whereabouts and what had happened to her. The man was dressed in the garb of a Basiddean Ranger a breed of human that one didnt take lightly and who usually kept themselves to themselves. But a few drinks in an off world underground drinking den and a fistful of credits had seen a bargain struck.

He turned his attention back to the stage which had been lit by a spotlight where the stout slave seller stood waiting for this new slave to be tethered to the post with her arms bound to it above her head. Picard watched grimly knowing he had to bide his time for he knew he had to strike at just the right moment. He could feel his jaw tighten as he stared at the lovely Dr Crusher as she stood there proudly trying to stay on her feet. His gaze swept over her noticing the rips and tears on her uniform and the way they revealed enticing glimpses of her body. The sight of her made him more determined than ever to have her.

*

Beverley was blinded by the bright light shone down upon her but realised it was probably a blessing in disguise for she could only imagine what sort of people were leering and shouting at her in the crowd. She knew what was happening now. She was being sold. She was being sold as a slave. In front of her the slave seller was barking and grunting as he pointed his stick to various bidders who were hidden in the gloom of the stalls. By the way he strutted about she could hear her price going higher and higher. At the first brief pause he came over to her and grabbed her painfully by her hair and lifted her head so she had to look out at the crowd. He turned her head this way and that and growled something which brought forth more fevered bids. He then, to her horror, grabbed the v-neck of her uniform and ripped it straight down so that both her breasts were exposed to the lascivious cheers of the alien throng. She gasped as she felt him use his stick to pull back the torn edges of her

tunic so they could get a better look at her “assets”. Despite her fear she felt an overwhelming fury overcome her and she turned to look at the Klingon who had turned away briefly with much obvious amusement at her debasement. Twisting slightly in her chains she hissed, “Hey, Klingon pig.” As he turned surprised that a slave was actually speaking directly to him she pushed back against the metal post, lifted both feet off the sandy ground and double kicked him straight off the stage to the howls of delight from the whole auditorium.

*

The place was in uproar as the slave seller staggered to his feet and crawled back onto the stage. Hoots of derision followed his every move as he tried to regain his composure as he strode over to this insolent human female and with the back of his hard hand smote her twice across her face. How dare this trash show him up like this! Bellowing with rage, he grasped a short blade from the halter of a guard who was standing there next to him trying to keep a straight face and raised the weapon to the females throat which he intended to slit from ear to ear. How dare she!

Picard knew the moment was at hand so he jumped to his feet and shouted out in Klingon a bid that was twice as high as any offered so far. Unless there were some serious bidders no one would be able to match it. He knew he had won but he kept the emergency phrase on his lips just in case.

The Klingon turned when he heard the bid but he still held the blade to the slave's throat. His black eyes searched the crowd for the bidder until he finally saw what looked like a tall human male who had thrown back his hood to reveal his bald head. The bid was higher than anything he could have ever imagined he would get for such a worthless slave. But was she worthless? He turned his head and looked at her. Perhaps she was a female of special import. He grunted. It didnt matter. All he was interested in was the price she would bring him. He cupped the slaves face and grunted loudly.

HAASKAR!!

Sold.

Picard smiled for the reason for everything was now at hand.

*

Part 4 The Price of a Slaves Freedom.

Beverley gasped when her Captain told her what she had to do in order to secure her freedom. Surely he wasnt serious?! There was no way she could do that. It was bad enough having to do such

a thing at all let alone in front of an audience of hundreds. She glanced at Picard who appeared to be in a grunting conversation with that odious Klingon who had sold her like she was a piece of meat. She frowned when she saw Picard sigh and hand over what looked like a sack full of credits. The Klingon nodded with satisfaction and ordered two of his guards to drag what appeared to be a stone bench onto the stage.

Hopefully Jean Luc could negotiate another more acceptable solution. After all, he was now her owner. At that thought she frowned for the shiver that had raced up her spine had felt rather delicious. He owns me. I am his. He can do whatever he wants to me. I am his slave. She pressed herself back against the pole where she was still chained as he approached. He had a faint smile on his lips as he reached up with a key and released her. She dropped her hands with a gasp feeling the numbness due to lack of blood as she tried to pull her ripped tunic together.

“Are you all right, Doctor?” asked Picard, concerned.

Beverley nodded. “I..I think so Captain.” She looked across at the Klingon who was standing there counting his bounty gleefully. “Did, did you explain to him that I couldn't?” Her heart sank when she saw him shake his head.

“I tried. I really did. But apparently it's Klingon custom.” Picard sighed. “I'm afraid there is no way out, Beverley.” He paused. “At least there is one good bit of news though.”

Beverley had reached up trying to remove her slave collar. “Oh, and what's that?”

Picard smiled as he indicated she should leave the collar on for her own sake. Her eyes widened as she saw him take hold of her leash and begin to lead her over to the stone bench. “That brute or his henchmen who sold you wont be doing it.”

The Enterprise Chief Medical Officer looked at him blankly. “Who will then?”

“I will,” said Picard trying to sound as if it was the hardest thing he ever had to do. “I told them I would spank you instead.”

*

This was not how it was supposed to turn out, thought Beverley, with a frown of disbelief as she felt her Captain haul her body further over his lap until her nose was practically in the dirt. She was well aware that what was left of her short skirt barely covered her up thrust bottom which was quivering with anticipation for the rigours to come. This was crazy. Spanked? She was about to have her

admittedly rather large bottom spanked by Jean Luc Picard? Did he not realise that the Federation of planets had outlawed and banned spanking in the entire known galaxy since the end of the 22nd century? If they were caught theyd both be court-martialled!!

She would have to make sure no one found out ever.

Of course, this didn't alter the present and what was about to happen to her bottom. She twisted her head and pulled back her hair. She saw that Picard was staring at her bottom which was shivering nervously right under his nose with a curious smile on his face that made her frown even more. She watched as he raised both hands. What was he going to do? Oh. Wait. No you cant. You can't do that even if you are my commanding officer! But she didn't move a muscle as she felt him tug up her skirt for what protection that was worth anyway and use both hands to grasp, grip then pull her black regulation tights along with her white regulation panties down and over her bottom cheeks which sprang out alarmingly when they were set free. Beverley gasped along with the appreciative murmur that rose amongst her audience. Everyone could see her bare bottom!!

She heard him ask if she was ready and through the veil of her hair she nodded resignedly. Just get it over and done with she thought and lets get the hell out of here. Gripping his right boot, she screwed up her blushing face and awaited a sore rear end.

*

“YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOW!!!!”

Picard grinned as he spanked his doctor across both ruby red cheeks for the umpteenth time. How long had he been spanking her? At least ten minutes by his reckoning and he was no where near finished if he could help it. The moons of Venus had nothing on the moons of Beverley Crushers wobbling bottom. He'd be in heaven if he wasn't in space. He spanked her hard again making her shriek and yell despite trying to appear brave and stoic.

“AGGGGGGGGGGH NOOOOOOOOOOO CAPTAIN NOOOOOO IT HURTS!!” she yelped plaintively as she kicked furiously trying to wriggle free from his firm hold. He could see that her bottom must be as hot as the hottest volcanoes on Perditions Moon. In fact, they looked to have swollen to twice their normal size. He had given her the hardest spanking he could muster and his arm, from the shoulder down, ached with his efforts. He could hear her weeping and sniffling for she had given up the fight long ago and had accepted her fate. He looked up at those gathered watching him dole out his spanking to his new slave. There was not a sound amongst human or alien. But time was pressing even if it was an irrelevance in the circumstances and surroundings. One more. Just one more spank. For old time's sake.

“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW!” yelled Beverley as Jean Luc spanked her for the last time; or was it?

Finally done, he helped her to her feet where she stood rubbing her bottom with tears running down her face. “You all right Doctor?” he asked sympathetically with a smile.

Beverley looked at him and shook her head furiously. “NO I AM NOT!!” she hissed as she bent to pull her panties and tights up to cover her modesty. It was then she noticed the slave seller stride purposively over and grunt something at Picard before shoving the Captain out of the way. He then grabbed her arm. “What..what did he say?” she gasped as her eyes opened wide as the Klingon sat himself down on the bench and began to drag her down over his lap.

Picard started to laugh. “He wants to renegotiate our little deal. He said I can have all my credits back if I'd let him spank you too.”

Beverley was speechless as she felt her tights and panties being literally ripped from her person by this brute who was literally drooling over her bottom cheeks. She twisted around to see a huge gnarled Klingon hand hovering menacingly over her still sore bottom. Oh no!! This wasnt exactly her idea of relaxing r and r.

“COMPUTER END SIMULATION PROGRAM RIGHT NOW!!” she screamed just as the first spank fell.

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Epilogue.

“Captains Log star-date 424.9

After a week in dry-dock the Enterprise is now en route towards our next assignment on Rigel12.The mood amongst the crew is extremely positive and it appears the recent period of shore leave has done all personnel a power of good. Some more so than others I have to say. Picard out...”

Jean Luc Picard sat back in his black leather chair and swivelled it around so he could look out of his cabin window at the vapour trails left by the slipstream of billions of stars as his starship travelled through time and space faster than the speed of light. He smiled to himself. It had certainly done him the power of good for it had been a shore leave to remember.

A soft beep broke him out of his reverie.

“Come.”

The door opened to reveal the Enterprise Chief Medical Officer standing there smiling. “May I come in?” she asked.

Picard nodded and indicated the chair in front of his desk. “Of course, Doctor. Please take a seat.”

Beverley entered the Captains abode but didnt take the proffered seat. Instead, she went around the Captains desk and sat herself on the edge in front of him as he sat back in his own chair grinning from ear to ear. Biting her lip in that way she knew he loved she reached into her tunic pocket and pulled out something that made him begin to laugh.

It was a leather collar and leash. Her collar and leash to be precise. With practiced ease she reached up with both hands and fitted it around her neck and then gave him the loose end. She then slipped off the desk so that she knelt on the carpet at his feet looking up at him.

She slowly licked her full lips sexily. “Guess who's slave-girl has been naughty today Captain...”

The end.